

**Daily Kentuckian**

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This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war.

**OUR SERVICE FLAG**

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Lloyd George, in a speech for the allies, says peace will have to be made on the terms laid down by President. So say they all.

The Virgin Islands, America's new possessions in the West Indies have gone dry. The local legislature has adopted the government proposals for prohibition which will take effect July 1, next year. The bill will be subject to revision after the war.

German submarines are increasing both in number and in quality, according to a declaration made by Vice-Admiral von Capelle, minister of the navy, in the debate on the third reading of the naval estimates in the reichstag. He asserted that reports of U-boat losses have been exaggerated by the entente allies.

In their comments on the assassination of Count Von Mirbach, the Paris newspapers were unanimous in expressing the opinion that the event will be likely to cause complications, the importance of which cannot be gauged.

"The first awakening of the vengeance of Russia against German tyranny," is the light of which Le Journal views it, while the Petit Journal wonders if it will not open a new phase of Germany's difficulties in the East. "In the state of tension existing between Germany and Russia," says the Figaro, "this assassination may lead to the most interesting complications." Humanite considers the act "not a vulgar assassination, but an act of open rebellion by exasperated patriotism."

The assassination, as the Matin views it, "shows that there are men in Russia still concerned with dignity of their country and imbued with patriotism," and the Petit Parisien comments that it "was probably was patriotic indignation caused by the approach of the German invader which provoked the killing."

**FINE PASTURE** just opened. Can pasture 40 or 50 cattle at \$1.75 per month cash. Chas. F. Shelton, phone 114 or 682. 104 61.

**Big Sunflowers.**

Giant sunflowers that grew in a garden at Llandudno, Wales, were raised from a seed brought from Australia, and one reached the extraordinary height of 12 feet. It held only one bloom, which was 16 inches in diameter. The giant entirely dwarfed its English cousins close by.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.**

**CRYING FOR HELP.**

Lots of It in Hopkinsville But Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help. Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed; Not one more important to health. The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble.

It is often the kidneys' cry for help.

Read what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for overworked kidneys.

Read what Doan's have done for Hopkinsville people.

Mrs. W. E. Mitchell, 633 N. Main St., Hopkinsville, says: "My kidneys were weak and my back ached and pained. I felt dull, tired easily, especially in the morning, and had dizzy headaches. My kidneys weren't acting right at all. I read of Doan's Kidney pills and bought them at the Anderson-Fowler Drug Co. This medicine strengthened my back and helped me in every respect."

60c at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Doan's Kidney Pills

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**A Roman Scarf**

By EMILY A. WINDSOR

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Miss Minerva's knitting fell to the floor, as, rising hastily, she adjusted her spectacles, and peered out of the window.

The door leading into the kitchen was open, and Elizabeth Ann had seen Miss Minerva's agitation. "I wonder what it is this time," she muttered, as she poured hot water into a pan, preparatory to washing the dinner dishes.

"Yes," she answered in response to Miss Minerva's excited call of "Elizabeth Ann!"

"That horrid dog from the next place is chasing Peter. Run and put the little beast out!"

As Elizabeth Ann crossed the yard, a large black cat, closely followed by a Scotch terrier, whisked past her and in at the kitchen door. The dog wagged its tail, and frisked around Elizabeth Ann.

"Oh, flip, why do you worry poor, old Peter so? Go home, sir," she said severely. The terrier trotted after her to a remote corner of the yard, where he submissively crept through a gap in the fence which separated Miss Minerva's property from the adjoining place.

A man at work on the other side threw down his hoe, and came up. He was tall and spare and was clad in blue jeans trousers and checkered shirt.

"Flip trespassin' again?" he asked.

"He was chasing Peter," said Elizabeth Ann. "It was the chickens this morning, Mr. Dobbs."

"Keeps you pretty busy, doesn't it?" Elizabeth Ann laughed. "I don't mind it, it's fun," she said.

"She always did set great store by Peter, but Flip can't abide him. Still he wouldn't hurt the critter."

"Miss Minerva doesn't like dogs," said Elizabeth Ann laughing again.

Mr. Dobbs chuckled. "I reckon it's more the dog's owner that she doesn't like," he said.

"I must go back," said Elizabeth Ann in a regretful tone. "Good-bye, for now, Mr. Dobbs."

"Mighty interestin' child for only bein' eleven, too," said Mr. Dobbs, reflectively, stroking his grizzled beard, as he looked after Elizabeth Ann. "Wonder what Minerva Collins'd say if she knew me and her is such friends."

As he resumed his hoeing his thoughts went back to the years when the relations between him and Miss Minerva had not been in their present strained condition; to that unlucky evening when a discussion arose as to the proper mode of baptism. He had contended that sprinkling was sufficient, and Miss Minerva had held out for immersion. That was long before Elizabeth Ann had come to live with her aunt. Mr. Dobbs had often told her about the quarrels.

"And she's never taken any notice of me since. I tried once to make it up. And it was strange about that, too," he had added thoughtfully. Elizabeth Ann had wondered how he had tried to make it up, but had not liked to ask.

"Did you see him on his own side before you came back?" asked Miss Minerva when Elizabeth Ann went back to her interrupted dish washing.

"Yes'm," answered Elizabeth Ann. "Nasty little beast!" ejaculated Miss Minerva. When the last dish had been placed in the closet, and the kitchen put in spotless order, Elizabeth Ann went into the sitting room.

"If everything's done you may have the afternoon to yourself," said Miss Minerva, who was now tranquilly knitting, and Peter curled up on a cushion near her.

Elizabeth Ann stood awhile looking out of the window. She was undecided whether to go down to the fence and talk with Mr. Dobbs, or to go up to the attic. But she saw that it was beginning to rain, and reflected that Mr. Dobbs would not continue hoeing, for he had been having rheumatic twinges lately. So with some regret, she decided in favor of the attic, for great as were the charms which the latter place had for her, Mr. Dobbs' society possessed a stronger attraction. He told her such interesting stories, and listened to all of her confidences so attentively, and he never told her not to be foolish, as Miss Minerva had done when she had ventured to communicate her thoughts to her.

"Don't get into mischief," Miss Minerva called out as Elizabeth Ann left the room.

There was an old-fashioned trunk of odds and ends which Miss Minerva had told her she could have to play with provided "she kept them tidily."

Elizabeth Ann had not yet explored to the bottom of the trunk. She would do so today. There were pieces of ribbons and lace, ends of embroidery, some bunches of artificial flowers and various other articles of cast-off dandy.

Under all, on the bottom of the trunk something was folded in white tissue paper. Elizabeth Ann opened it, and a long Roman striped silk scarf fell out in glistening folds. It was soft and fine, and of beautiful coloring, the ends deeply fringed. Elizabeth Ann gave an exclamation of delight. She had a passion for rich colors, and this was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Severe plainness of dress was part of Miss Minerva's creed.

Elizabeth Ann smoothed out the soft folds again and again. It would make

such a lovely sash, she thought. How had her aunt ever thrown it aside? She passed it about her waist and tied it in a bow with loops that fell to the bottom of her skirt. A ray of sunlight flashed through the attic window. Why, it had not rained much after all. She would run down to the orchard, and see if Mr. Dobbs were out. She must show that scarf. Mr. Dobbs liked pretty things, too. So she crept quietly downstairs, and avoiding the sitting room, went out of a side door. If Miss Minerva saw her with the scarf on, she would tell her not to be foolish.

Miss Minerva was still knitting placidly, and Peter purred at her feet, when, chancing to glance out of the window, she beheld a sight which made her suddenly sit up stiff and erect in her chair. Mr. Dobbs crossing her yard! He came on with a long, rapid stride that in a few moments brought him to her sitting room door, which he opened after a warning knock. Miss Minerva turned her stern gray eyes upon him in cold inquiry. He held a gay-colored silk scarf in his hand.

"Minerva, why didn't you send it back as I asked you, and then I'd a known—and not waited and waited as I did for months?" he asked reproachfully, as he looked alternately at the scarf and Miss Minerva.

The latter made no answer, and Mr. Dobbs went on: "Our not agreeing on sprinklin' or 'merion made no difference. When a man asks a woman to marry him, he naturally looks for an answer."

Miss Minerva now found voice. "Jonathan Dobbs will you tell me what all this means?" she asked frigidly.

He held out the scarf. "Why didn't you send it back, if you didn't want me?"

Miss Minerva stared at him in ever-growing astonishment. "I don't know what you are talking about. Send it back? I never saw the thing before."

"Is that really so, Minerva?" he asked eagerly.

"It's not my habit to lie," replied Miss Minerva, icily.

"I've often had misgivings that there was some mistake. I never had the courage to ask you about it, for you know how you treated me when we met. Turned away your head and—"

Miss Minerva rose impatiently. "What are you talking about? What have I to do with that silk thing?"

"Well, Minerva, I'll go over the whole thing. I s'pose you remember our argument about baptism? I talked the way I did just to tease you, but you took it all for earnest. Now, I had had it in mind for a long time to ask you a certain question, and a day or two after our misunderstanding I was down to the city on business and saw a lot of silk things like this in a shop window, and the ladies was wearin' them around their necks—so I just thought I'd buy one and send it to you, and at the same time ask you that question. I writ a little note and sent with it. It was tellin' you if you was willin' to be Mrs. Dobbs to wear it to meetin' the next Sunday, and if not to send it back. But you didn't wear it to meetin', and you didn't send it back."

As Miss Minerva listened, her stern face relaxed and a softened light shone in her eyes. Before Mr. Dobbs had finished, she turned her gaze to the window, and there was a little flush in her cheeks.

"I never had a note from you, and I never saw that scarf before," she said quickly.

"I sent them by the hired man."

"That was the summer Cousin Mattie Simmons was with me. Likely I was out, and he left them with her. You know what a scatter-brain she is."

The color had deepened in Miss Minerva's cheeks, and there was none of her accustomed severity of manner.

She looked down at the scarf in Mr. Dobbs' hand. "But where did you get it now?" she asked suddenly.

"Elizabeth Ann found it in your attic, and—"

"Elizabeth Ann!" repeated Miss Minerva.

"Never mind about her, Minerva—Will you take it? You know the conditions."

Miss Minerva took the scarf and looked at it closely.

"It is a good quality of silk," she said quietly. "But you know, Jonathan, I'm too old to wear such gay colors."

Mr. Dobbs laughed contentedly. "Please yourself, Minerva, so long as you take it."

**Birds' Nest Soup.**

The birds' nests from which the famous Chinese soup is made are built by a species of swallow that abounds on the coasts of Java, Ceylon and Borneo, and consists of a gelatinous substance obtained from marine plants. The nests are boiled either in chicken broth or in milk of almonds, and the result very much resembles vermicelli soup, except that it is far more costly.

**Business and Collections.**

Small Gordon is the son of a physician and is fond of being with his father when he types his monthly statements. Meeting him one morning on his way to the mail box, a handful of envelopes, a neighbor called to him: "How is business, Gordon?" To which he replied: "Business is good, but collections is poor."

**NO ADVANCE IN PRICE**

**CATARRH**

For head or throat Catarrh try the vapor treatment

**VICKS VAPORUB**

25c—50c—\$1.00

**TERRIBLY SWOLLEN**

Suffering Described As Torture Relieved by Black-Draught.

Rossville, Ga.—Mrs. Kate Lee Able, of this place, writes: "My husband is an engineer, and once while lifting, he injured himself with a piece of heavy machinery, across the abdomen. He was so sore he could not bear to press on himself at all, on chest or abdomen. He weighed 165 lbs., and fell off until he weighed 110 lbs., in two weeks."

He became constipated and it looked like he would die. We had three different doctors, yet with all their medicine, his bowels failed to act. He would turn up a ten-cent bottle of castor oil, and drink it two or three days in succession. He did this yet without result. We became desperate, he suffered so. He was swollen terribly. He told me his suffering could only be described as torture."

I sent and bought Theodor's Black-Draught. I made him take a big dose, and when it began to act he fainted, he was in such misery, but he got relief and began to mend at once. He got well, and we both feel he owes his life to Theodor's Black-Draught."

Theodor's Black-Draught will help you to keep fit, ready for the day's work. Try it!

NC-131

(Advertisement)

**THE MARKET BASKET.**

(Prices at Retail.)

Breakfast bacon, pound.....55c

Butter per pound.....50c

Eggs per dozen.....35c

Bacon, extras, pound.....38c

Country hams, large, pound.....35c

Country hams, small, pound.....37 1/2c

Lard, pure leaf, pound.....35c

Lard, 50 lb. tins.....\$14.50

Lard, compound, pound.....30c

Cabbage, per pound.....5c

Irish potatoes.....50 cents peck

Lemons, per dozen.....40c

Cheese, cream, per lb.....40c

Sweet potatoes.....60c per peck

Cornmeal, bushel.....\$2.60

Oranges, per per dozen 60c to 75c

Cooking apples, per peck.....60c

Onions, per pound.....5c

Flour, 24-lb sack.....\$1.75

avy beans, pound.....18c

Black-eyed peas, pound.....15c

Black-eyed peas, pound.....12 1/2c

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